

Honorable Douglas P. Woodlock

March 16, 2005

John Joseph Monkey United States Courthouse
1 Courthouse Way
Borton, MA 02210

Scott Myer 36662

P.C.C.F. H-3 #436

26 Long Pond Road

Plymouth, MA 02360

Dear Honorable Woodlock,

Good Morning. I awoke again to the brutal reality of not being able to call my mother and hear her invigorating good morning after accepting my telephone call. It's been 76 days since my ears were unable to hear her voice, my direction was devoid of her daily advice, and my arms were unable to catch her fall in Borton Medical Center when she fell and went into cardiopulmonary arrest for 35 minutes (the approximate interval between onset and death; according to the death certificate) and ole' Scott just couldn't be there because he had something else to do.... Sit in jail.

It's amazing how her wit was able to camouflage her imminent passing from my soapmother sensor. I feel like I was purposefully jerrymantered into oblivioners. What happened to process? Meaning her passing process? We were very close, I kept in touch with her and I was not invited to her process to celebration. (What the Reverend called her funeral) Was it that she just forgot to send the invitation because she thought I was busy doing what I liked to do? Be in jail. Or was it that my mother meticulously crafted illusion to lovingly have me stand in the middle of the stage singing, "the sun will come out tomorrow," knowing my stage fright would automatically be calmed with the thought of her being in the audience. I hope for the latter, although I now know she couldn't be there to hear the applause.

As I sit on this bunk everyday and watch the Route 3 Northbound early commute traffic pass by I can't help but to picture my mother slowly falling and how the rest of my loved ones are falling everyday that passes by and I sit in jail.

(1)

I really don't know what I am becoming since my mother passed. I say this in a good light. I've encountered a Vator (an awakening). I've heard about this in books and on shows like Oprah, but never actually sat in it. I am now able to see the minutiae and the grand scheme of things out of life's window. The emotional evasiveness I ran into surrounding my relationships with my children and fiancé - life is confronting.

A question I ask myself every second of everyday is, "why am I here?" I was in the process of reparation from the erosive life of recalcitrance. I was re-building love for myself, relationships, and for the joy that days bring. Joining a church, speaking at N.A. meetings, and listening to my inner self. I tried Scott. I created a relationship with the M.D.C. (Department of Conservation and Recreation) and Community Centers bringing 30 teens to an environment to absorb supervisory, organizational, and anger management skills. This reciprocal interest has grown - doing very well. I also brought this same relationship to Roxbury Youth Initiative which contracts with D.Y.S. to supervise at risk youth. My actions spoke. I was finally alive, but as I said, "in the process." My process has taken much too long. When you learn to live you live for completeness - the accomplishments of your processes.

I am a loving and caring man with talents that are beyond my beliefs. My criminal record may not reflect the accuracy of who I am as a person - this results in my continued detention awaiting trial, because, "there are no conditions or conditions of release which assure his appearance; HE WOULD BE A DANGER TO THE COMMUNITY"

The same gentlewoman that I created the beforementioned program and brought horticultural focus to her community to beautify everyday as passionately and concerning as she does did not feel that I was a "danger to the community" although her own daughter Assistant U.S. Attorney Rachael Herrington argued for my detention before this Honorable court. I worked very closely to personally address the senior Mrs. Herrington's valid grievances about the lack of attention on the South West Corridor Park in the South End of Boston.

During the Savings and Loan Financial Scandal of the 1990's my late mother became the president of Revolve Injustice Stop Evictions, Inc. (RISE) where she was critical to the impact of the organization. RISE was Boston's grassroots homeowners group of survivors of the second mortgage scam and other predatory lending practices. I worked closely with RISE to save 2700 homes in the greater Boston area, my mother's house being one of them.

I've instilled, and still do, quality, accurate, and unalloyed direction to my two sons (18 years old), my stepson (12 years old), a love-son that I became attached to from a friend that passed away, and many family and friends, that for reasons beyond me, irrespective of my problematic past, continue to absorb the genuineness of my experiences to better themselves. The missing of my family has just intensified with the passing of my mother.

Honorable Woodlark, everything is dissolving before my eyes in this process. I have a loving family and fiancé that this incarcerated distance is bound to drive away from me. I have served a substantial portion of any possible commitment - I beseech that this Honorable Court reconsider my detention status at its earliest possible convenience. Please allow me to attend a trial from my home. If your Honor still finds detention warranted, alternatively, would this Court respectfully allow me to instantly plead guilty and be further allowed a sentencing hearing all within the earliest dates this Honorable Court has available?

Sincerely,

Victor Ojeda

P.S. After I finished this letter I called home to find out that my above-mentioned love-son has been arrested for mauling off to an officer. This is killing me,

Victor Ojeda